

MARVEL
TEAM-UP

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MARVEL TEAM-UP™

FEATURING

SPIDER-MAN™ AND THE WEREWOLF™

TWO OF
MARVEL'S
MIGHTIEST
AND MOST
MYSTERIOUS—
IN A BATTLE
TO THE
DEATH!

WOLF AT LARGE—**SPIDER** AT BAY!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **SPIDEY AND THE WEREWOLF** TOGETHER!™

LEN WEIN * ROSS AND DON PERLIN * ARTISTS * GERRY CONWAY * PLOT * C. JETTER: LETTERER * ROY THOMAS
SCRIPTEER * ANDRU * GYNNIS WEIN: COLORIST * EDITOR



THE MIST ROLLING IN FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY IS LACED THIS BALMY NIGHT WITH THE SHARP TANG OF SEA-SALT--THE SWEET SCENT OF TALL PINE--

--ODORS UNFAMILIAR TO ONE WHOSE NOSTRILS ARE ACCUSTOMED TO THE RATHER MORE ACRID ESSENCES OF THE CITY CALLED NEW YORK--

--BUT, TO THE WEB-SLINGING SPIDER-MAN, THESE ARE THE FRAGRANCES OF DISTRACTION--

--THE PERFUMES OF ESCAPE!

WHO KNOWS--? MAYBE COMIN' TO SAN FRANCISCO WAS A GOOD IDEA, AFTER ALL!

MAYBE HERE I CAN FINALLY GET MY MIND OFF GWENDY FOR A WHILE--

--AND FIND A MINUTE'S PEACE!

MAYBE, SPIDER-MAN-- BUT SOMEHOW WE DOUBT IT--

--ESPECIALLY IF THIS STRANGELY SHAGGY GENTLE-MAN HAS ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT THE SITUATION!





A BAD DREAM-- THAT JUST SUMS UP PETER PARKER'S WHOLE EXISTENCE!

EVEN A PAID VACATION TURNS INTO A DISASTER!

"PAID VACATION," DID I SAY? YEAH--SURE--BUT GETTIN' IT ALMOST COST MORE THAN IT WAS WORTH...

--MONEY! I TELL YOU, PARKER--THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH THE WORLD TODAY--

--PEOPLE HAVE NO RESPECT FOR MONEY ANY MORE!

FIRST, THAT LUNATIC CAGE GIVES ME GRIEF-- NOW YOU!

EASY, MR. JAMESON-- I'M NOT LOOKING FOR A RAISE! I'M LOOKING FOR WORK!

WORK? PARKER, IF THIS IS SOME KIND OF JOKE--

NO JOKE! I'M JUST LOOKING FOR A PHOTO- ASSIGNMENT OUT- OF TOWN!

--SOMETHING TO TAKE ME AWAY FROM NEW YORK!



NOW HOLD ON, PARKER-- I KNOW WHY YOU WANT THIS-- THE DEATH OF YOUR GIRL AND ALL--

-- BUT THE DAILY BUGLE IS NOT A PUBLIC WELFARE SERVICE!

BUT, MR. JAMESON--

IF YOU HAD COME IN HERE WITH AN IDEA FOR SOMETHING NEWSWORTHY, I MIGHT HAVE CONSIDERED IT, BUT AS IT STANDS--

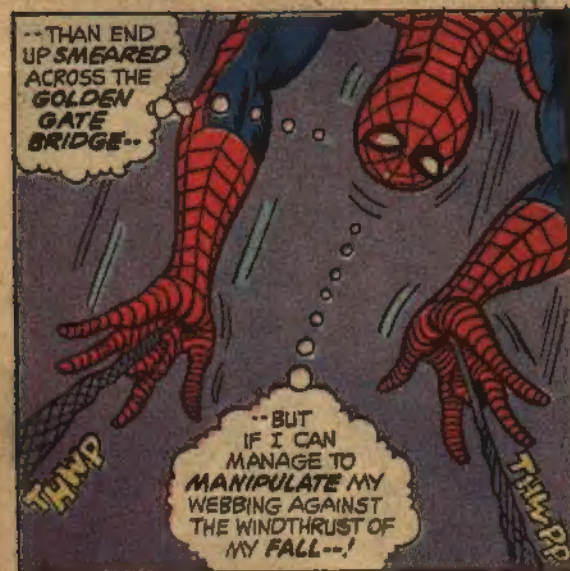
WHOA, JONAH! BEFORE YOU FINISH THAT SENTENCE--

--TAKE A LOOK AT THESE!



OLD WIRE PHOTOS OF DAREDEVIL-- AND THE BLACK WIDOW--

--AND THEY, J.J., ARE MOST DEFINITELY NEWS- WORTHY!







RIPPLES: CONCENTRIC CIRCLES THAT CURL AWAY ACROSS THE CHILL BAY WATERS TOWARD OBLIVION--



--THESE ARE ALL THAT REMAIN TO MARK THE SPOT WHERE THE SHAGGY CREATURE PLUNGED BENEATH THE SURFACE--

--BUT STILL SPIDER-MAN *SCANS* THE PLACID WATERS MOST CAREFULLY--HIS SHARP EYES SEARCHING FOR A SUDDEN AGITATION--A BURSTING BUBBLE OF AIR--



--SOMETHING TO INDICATE HIS FURRY Foe STILL LIVES--

--AND PEERING EVER DOWNWARD, THE WEB-SLINGER OBVIOUSLY FAILS TO NOTICE THE INTRUSIVE SWIRL OF SMOKE THAT BLOSSOMS BEHIND HIM--



--- SMOKE THAT GRADUALLY TAKES ON THE CONTOURS OF A FACE ---



--A FACE WHOSE DARKLING GAZE QUICKLY ASSESSES THE SITUATION--

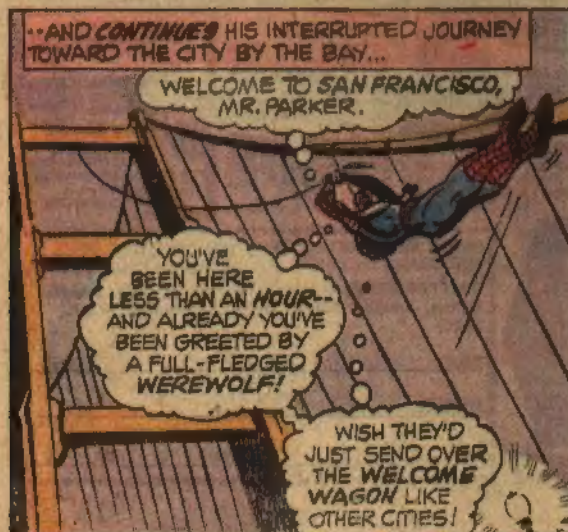


--THEN TURNS ITS MOUSTACHIOED LIP DOWNWARD IN QUIET FRUSTRATION--

--BEFORE *FADING* ONCE MORE INTO DARKNESS AS SPIDER-MAN ABANDONS HIS VIGIL AT LAST--



--AND *CONTINUES* HIS INTERRUPTED JOURNEY TOWARD THE CITY BY THE BAY...



WELCOME TO SAN FRANCISCO, MR. PARKER.

YOU'VE BEEN HERE LESS THAN AN HOUR--AND ALREADY YOU'VE BEEN GREETED BY A FULL-FLEDGED WEREWOLF!

WISH THEY'D JUST SEND OVER THE WELCOME WAGON LIKE OTHER CITIES!

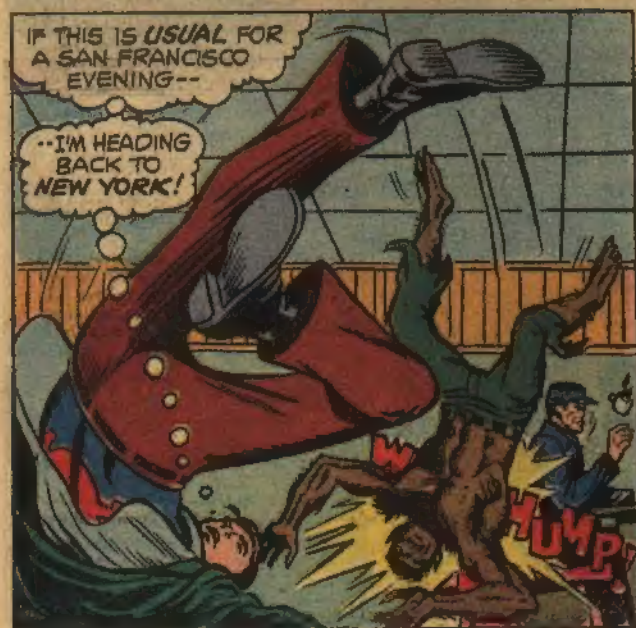
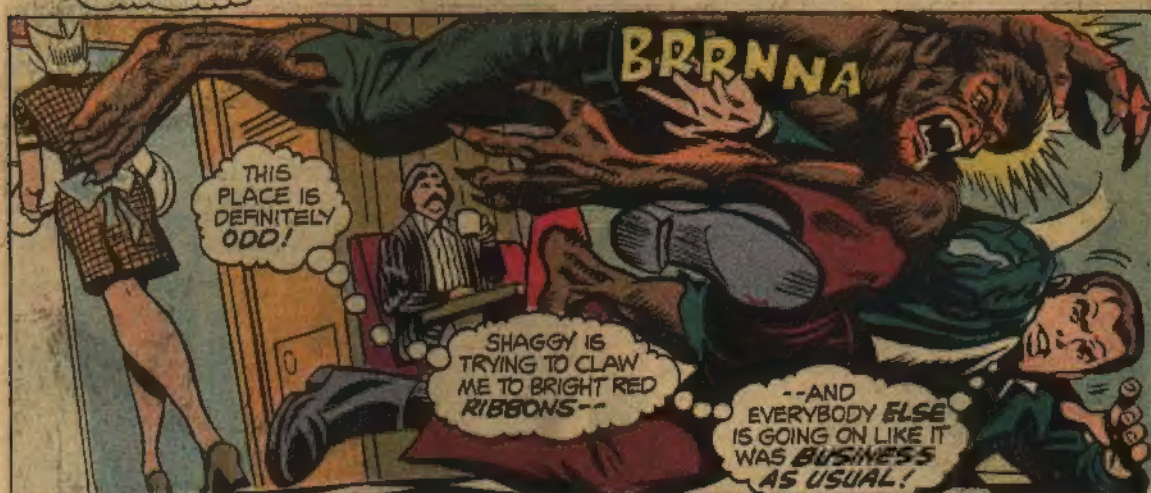
COME ON, SPIDEY-- BE SERIOUS!

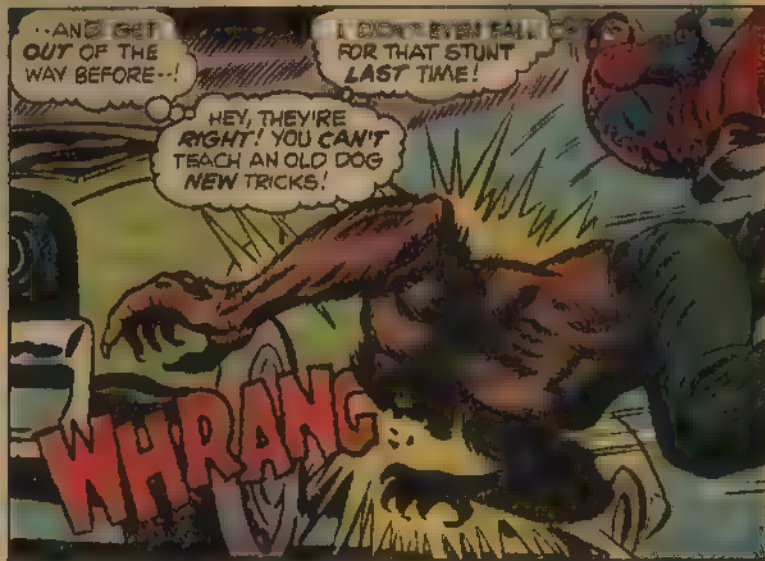
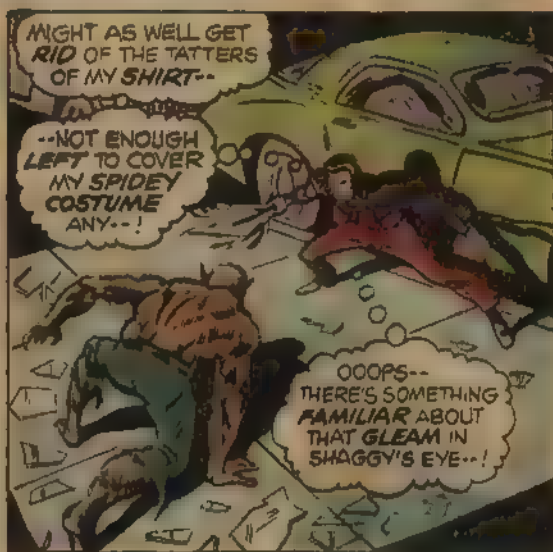
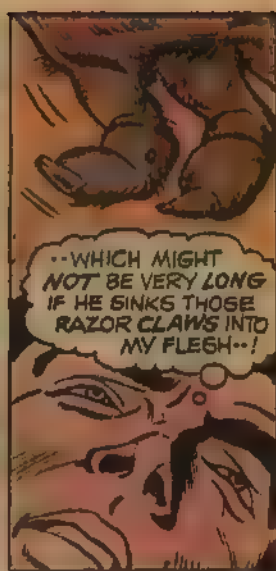


IF THAT REALLY WAS A WEREWOLF-- WHERE DID IT COME FROM?

AND WHY WAS IT AFTER ME?









LOOKS LIKE THE HEAVY CAR DOOR PUT SHAGGY OUT FOR THE COUNT--

--WHICH SHOULD GIVE ME PLENTY OF TIME TO FINISH PUTTING ON MY SPIDEY OUTFIT!

LUCKY THING NOBODY HAPPENED BY WHILE I WAS STILL UNMASKED!



NOT THAT ANYONE IN SAN FRANCISCO WOULD RECOGNIZE PASTY-FACED PETER PARKER!

IN FACT, I DOUBT IF ANYONE IN THIS CREW WOULD RECOGNIZE HIS OWN REFLECTION--!



THEY SEEM TO BE ENTRANCED --EVERY ONE OF 'EM--

--SHAMBLING OFF MINDLESSLY AS IF IN ANSWER TO SOME SILENT PIPER'S CALL--!



AND I THINK THIS LITTLE SPIDER OUGHT'A FOLLOW THEM--

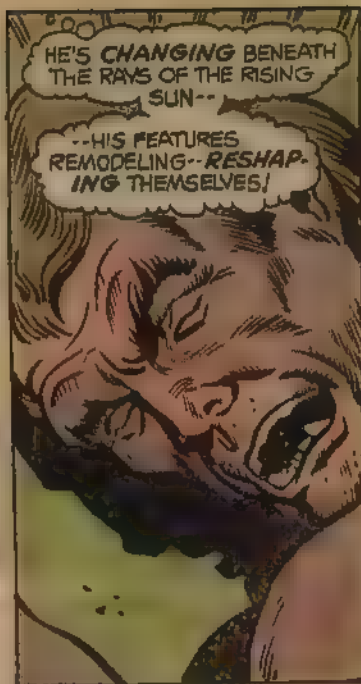
--FIND OUT EXACTLY WHERE THEY'RE ALL GOING, AND WHY-- BEFORE--!

HUH? WHAT IN BLAZES IS HAPPENING TO HIM?



FUZZY-WUZZY DOESN'T SEEM TO BE QUITE SO FUZZY ANYMORE--

--AND HE'S GETTING LESS FUZZY BY THE SECOND!



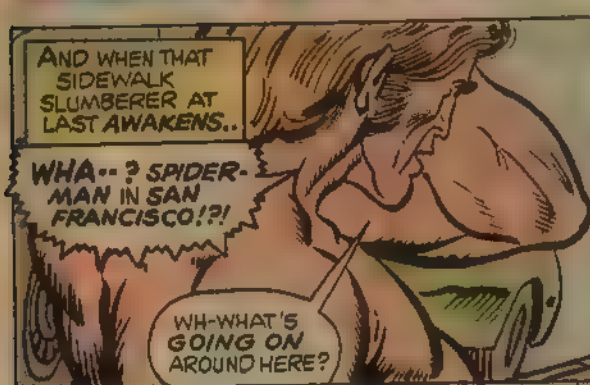
HE'S CHANGING BENEATH THE RAYS OF THE RISING SUN--

--HIS FEATURES REMODELING--RESHAPING THEMSELVES!



--BECOMING THE FEATURES OF-- A MAN!

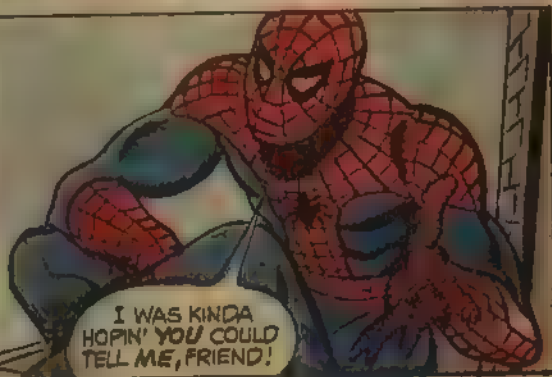
THOSE SLEEP-WALKERS CAN WAIT-- 'CAUSE SOMETHING TELLS ME THE KEY TO THIS WHOLE MESS IS BUSY SNORING ON THE SIDEWALK!



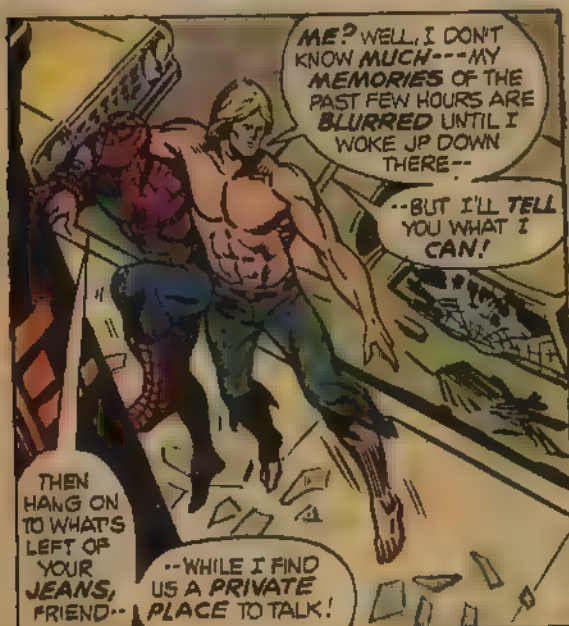
AND WHEN THAT SIDEWALK SLUMBERER AT LAST AWAKENS..

WHA--? SPIDER-MAN IN SAN FRANCISCO!?!

WH-WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE?



I WAS KINDA HOPIN' YOU COULD TELL ME, FRIEND!

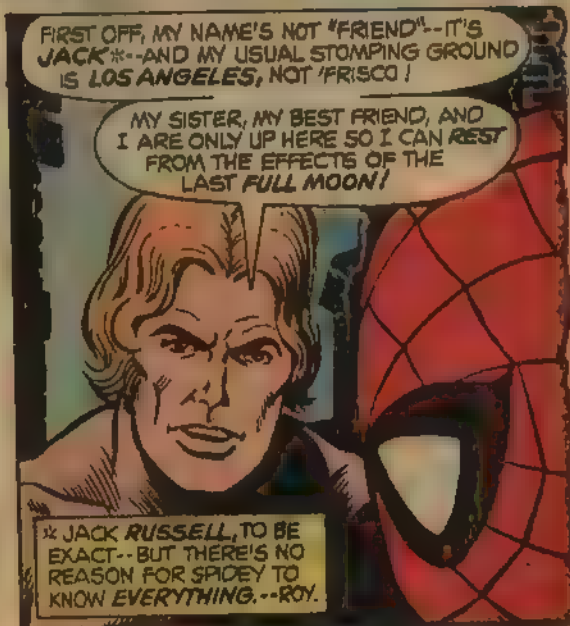


ME? WELL, I DON'T KNOW MUCH---MY MEMORIES OF THE PAST FEW HOURS ARE BLURRED UNTIL I WOKE UP DOWN THERE--

--BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I CAN!

THEN HANG ON TO WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR JEANS, FRIEND--

--WHILE I FIND US A PRIVATE PLACE TO TALK!



FIRST OFF, MY NAME'S NOT "FRIEND"--IT'S JACK!--AND MY USUAL STOMPING GROUND IS LOS ANGELES, NOT 'FRISCO!

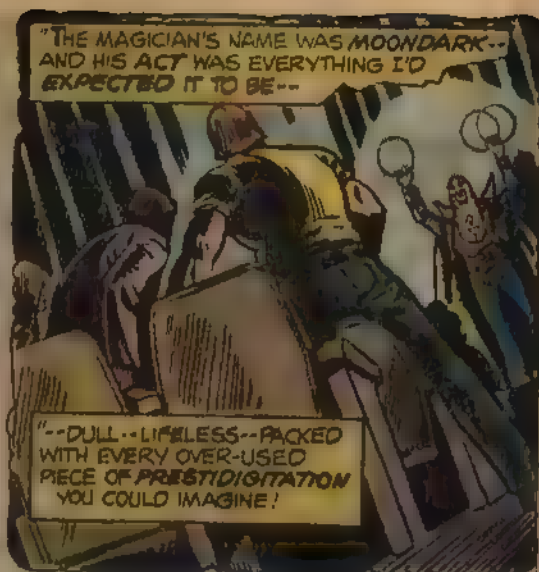
MY SISTER, MY BEST FRIEND, AND I ARE ONLY UP HERE SO I CAN REST FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE LAST FULL MOON!

* JACK RUSSELL, TO BE EXACT--BUT THERE'S NO REASON FOR SPIDEY TO KNOW EVERYTHING.--ROY.



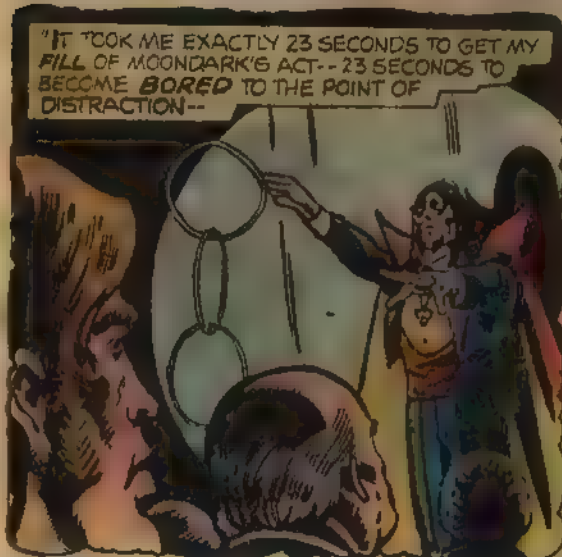
"WE WERE DRIVING ALONG MARKET STREET WHEN WE NOTICED THE MARQUEE--A PROMO FOR ONE OF THOSE CHEAP TOP-HAT-AND-BUNNY-TYPE ACTS, I FIGURED--

"--BUT, SOMEHOW, WE FELT COMPELLED TO STOP IN ANYWAY--AND CHECK IT OUT!



"THE MAGICIAN'S NAME WAS MOONDARK--AND HIS ACT WAS EVERYTHING I'D EXPECTED IT TO BE--

"--DULL--LIFELESS--PACKED WITH EVERY OVER-USED PIECE OF PRESTIDIGITATION YOU COULD IMAGINE!

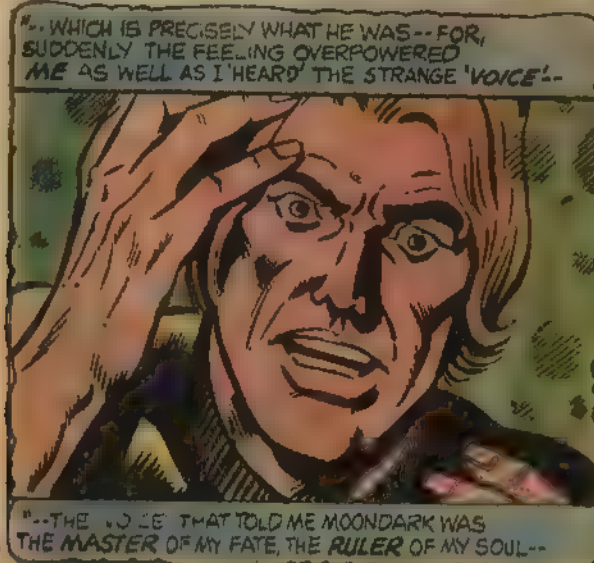


"IT TOOK ME EXACTLY 23 SECONDS TO GET MY FILL OF MOONDARK'S ACT--23 SECONDS TO BECOME BORED TO THE POINT OF DISTRACTION--



"--BUT MY COMPANIONS IT SEEMED, DIDN'T SHARE MY DISTASTE!

THEY SAT THERE, TRANSFEXED, STARING UP AT THE STAGE LIKE MOONDARK WAS SOME SLEIGHT-OF-HAND SVENGALI--



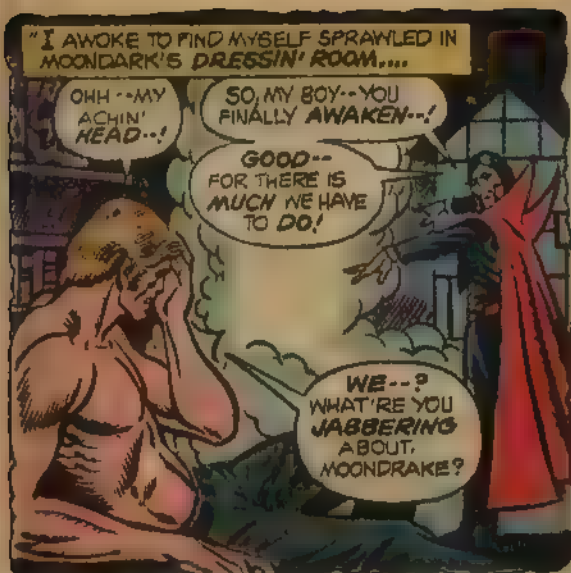
"--WHICH IS PRECISELY WHAT HE WAS--FOR, SUDDENLY THE FEELING OVERPOWERED ME AS WELL AS I HEARD THE STRANGE 'VOICE'--

"--THE VOICE THAT TOLD ME MOONDARK WAS THE MASTER OF MY FATE, THE RULER OF MY SOUL--



"FOR LESS THAN A SECOND, I LOOKED DEEP INTO HIS BLAZING AMBER EYES--

"--THEN THE WORLD GREW DARK AND BLACK!



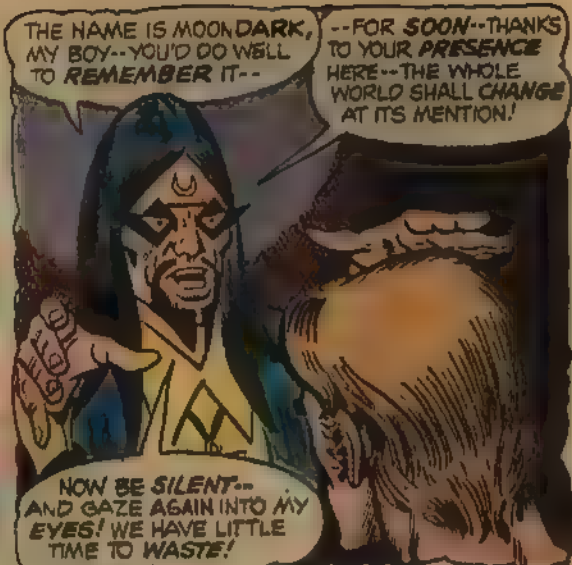
"I AWOKE TO FIND MYSELF SPRAWLED IN MOONDARK'S DRESSIN' ROOM...."

OH--MY
ACHIN'
HEAD--!

SO, MY BOY--YOU
FINALLY AWAKEN--!

GOOD--
FOR THERE IS
MUCH WE HAVE
TO DO!

WE--?
WHAT'RE YOU
JABBERING
ABOUT,
MOONDRAKE?



THE NAME IS MOONDARK,
MY BOY--YOU'D DO WELL
TO REMEMBER IT--

--FOR SOON--THANKS
TO YOUR PRESENCE
HERE--THE WHOLE
WORLD SHALL CHANGE
AT ITS MENTION!

NOW BE SILENT--
AND GAZE AGAIN INTO MY
EYES! WE HAVE LITTLE
TIME TO WASTE!



"HARD THO I TRIED TO FIGHT
IT, I JUST COULDN'T HELP
MYSELF!"

"ONCE MORE I STARED INTO THE
MAGICIAN'S PIERCING EYES--



"--AND, SLOWLY, I BEGAN
TO CHANGE!"

"YES, EVEN THO THE NEXT FULL
MOON IS STILL SEVERAL
WEEKS AWAY--



"--THE SEARING EYES OF
MOONDARK BROUGHT OUT
THE BEAST IN ME!"

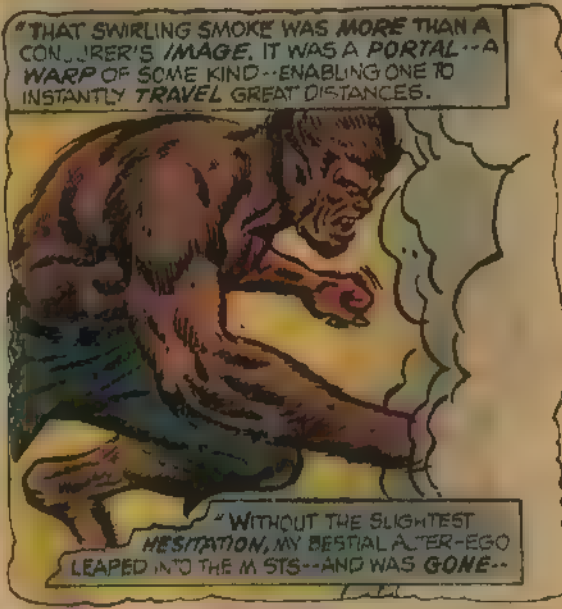
AARRN??



THERE--THAT'S
BETTER!

NOW, MY SHAGGY ONE--YOUR
FIRST TASK IS TO DESTROY
THE COSTUMED INTERLOPER
REVEALED IN MY MYSTIC
MISTS--

--BEFORE HE
CAN INTERFERE
WITH MY PLANS!



"THAT SWIRLING SMOKE WAS MORE THAN A
CONJURER'S IMAGE. IT WAS A PORTAL--A
WARP OF SOME KIND--ENABLING ONE TO
INSTANTLY TRAVEL GREAT DISTANCES.

"WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST
HESITATION, MY BESTIAL ALTER-EGO
LEAPED INTO THE MISTS--AND WAS GONE--

